MOTHER EARTH

Vol. IX. JUNE, 1914 No. 4

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Vol. IX **JUNE, 1914** **No. 4**

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

THE murder of strikers, their wives and children in Colorado is so far unavenged. Protests and financial aid are important, but in a case like this a far more energetic action is to be expected. A general strike of organized labor is the only answer to the slaughter of working people. Who else if not organized labor shall pick up the gauntlet thrown into the industrial arena by the monster capitalism? The blood of the Colorado victims cries for revenge. Everybody knows that the trial of the murderers is a plain farce, and investigations only provide grafting politicians with good jobs. The capitalists feel that they are in a secure position. Paterson, West Virginia, Michigan and Colorado—these are the steps of the Calvary of the working class during the last year. Unemployment, hundreds of social rebels behind prison bars, new trials of labor organizers and officials—such is the situation. If labor does not awaken it will soon be drowned in the maelstrom. It does not afford great pleasure to play the role of Cassandra, but it is necessary to point out to the conscious workers that it is their duty to rise to the occasion and to answer the challenge of the master class with a powerful action; not with petitions, begging for mercy, or with compromise, but with swift retaliation—the cessation of labor. The general strike and nothing else will bring the enemy to terms.

WHY should the convicted iron-workers plead for mercy? Are they ashamed of their deed? The Steel Trust is not, nor the Rockefellers. If they were imbued with the spirit of social revolt they would stand up and proclaim their conviction of the necessity for fighting the capitalist monster with all the weapons at the workers' disposal. The MacNamaras expressed the innermost feelings and convictions of the conscious working class of the country. They used the only weapons left to them. Let corrupt politicians and hypocritical scoundrels denounce them, let smooth labor leaders decline responsibility for them; the rank and file understands and appreciates their martyrdom. Why beg for mercy?

* * *

A FEW political ward-heelers who act as judges in New Jersey have confirmed Patrick Quinlan's sentence to seven years in the penitentiary. Thus New Jersey justice keeps up its reputation. When the day of reckoning comes, the workers of New Jersey will repay these judges with the hempen cord.

* * *

THE revolutionary movement among the Socialist lawyers and diplomats in France goes merrily on. Rene Viviani, the latest *arrivé,* is to be the next Premier of France, the next oppressor of the Syndicalists. After Millerand, Briand; after Briand, Viviani. He is one of the famous "revolutionary" Socialists who voted at the International Congress in London in 1896 for the exclusion of Anarchists. Hyndman, Singer, Bebel, Jaurés, Ferri, Quelch, Adler, Plechanoff, Iglesias, and other uncompromising Marxians were his companions and coworkers. And yet some good people wonder why the revolutionary workers have only contempt for these political climbers. Parliamentarism triumphs—at the expense of the workers, who help the politicians to climb on their backs.

* * *

HILLQUIT and Gompers entertained the bourgeois who form the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations with a fish-wives' row. It was a quarrel between two rogues. Vincent St. John refused to partici-

pate in the farcical legal investigation. His declaration that the aim of the I. W. W. was the overthrow of the system of exploitation by any means whatsoever shocked the delicate sensibilities of the well-paid investigators. No wonder they are afraid of losing their jobs.

* * *

SOME obscure Dogberry in New York has railroaded Marie Ganz to two months' imprisonment for her courageous remark that she would shoot Rockefeller like a dog. Marie is too generous and good-hearted. An adequate punishment for this Sunday school scoundrel would be to put him and his brats into a tent and then let his militia repeat the act of Ludlow.

Like the policewomen of Chicago, Catherine B. Davis, the Commissioner of Correction in New York, gives us an example of what great deeds we are to expect from women in public life. Miss Davis holds Marie Ganz incommunicado and refuses to allow her friends to visit her. Isn't there a sacrificing angel in Miss Davis' entourage who will relieve her moral constipation?

* * *

BEWARE of the reformer. Every time a reform ticket is elected oppression of free ideas follows. The Mitchell administration is no exception. The crooked noses of the members of the former Anarchist Squad are to be seen again at Anarchist meetings. The Squad celebrates its resurrection by intimidating hall proprietors, disturbing meetings, and so on. The old game.

Does John Purroy Mitchell ever think of his grandfather, the great Irish rebel? Must the offspring of rebels all become renegades and oppressors of revolutionary ideas?

* * *

THE journalistic harlots are smarting under the stinging criticism of Georg Brandes. They are so accustomed to hearing only well-polished phrases regarding their country from distinguished visitors that they marvel at a man who dares to express his opinion freely. The beginning of their inquisitorial interrogation was not very promising. When they pointed out the Statue of

Liberty to the great critic, Brandes asked: "Is that all the liberty you have?"

Further efforts confirmed the penny-a-liners in their opinion that Brandes is not a very amiable subject for an interview. He was disgusted with their stupid questions about America's beautiful women, her sky-scrapers, her world-wide influence, and other stereotyped phrases. Questioned about American literature he told one bumptious fellow: "I could discuss Poe and Longfellow and James, and your Robert Herrick, but what is the use, when the people who ask me have not read their books? It is embarrassing to find myself knowing more about the books under discussion than those who want them discussed."

The appalling ignorance of the American interviewer on any subject simply nauseated the grand old man. He is very well informed on American conditions and he knows the full value of our glorious liberties.

Georg Brandes unquestionably stands in the foremost rank of Nietzsche's "good Europeans." He has done more than any of his contemporaries to shape the intellectual mind of Europe. Like his friends Ibsen, Nietzsche, Mill, Renan, France, and others, he is an iconoclast, a great opponent of the modern State, the family, capitalism, and all the shams and hypocrisies of our society. MOTHER EARTH had the pleasure of printing his appreciation of Peter Kropotkin in its special number on the occasion of the seventieth birthday of our grand old man. It is our hope that Georg Brandes may find in the whirlwind of our insane haste and strife a few moments of undisturbed peace and happiness.

* * *

IF we consider the close connection of men like Brandes, France, Mirbeau and a host of other European writers and artists with Anarchist thought we feel the more the blissful ignorance of our intellectuals, and especially of the journalists, on the subject of Anarchism. To our critics Anarchism is still a subject to be ignored, or something indescribable, to be ashamed of. They find themselves in a great dilemma if they have to record the achievement of an Anarchist in literature, art, or science. So, for example, the literary critic of the

Boston Herald reviewing Emma Goldman's last book, begins with the sentence: "Emma Goldman, who has been classified as an Anarchist and will, therefore, never be widely recognized as the brilliant woman that she is, has written a book on 'The Social Significance of the Modern Drama.'" Behold the finesse of this critic. Emma Goldman has been "classified" as an Anarchist, and will therefore never be widely recognized as a brilliant woman! Such an admission is the most damaging record of the low intellectual standard of America. No wonder Bernard Shaw calls us a nation of villagers.

* * *

BUT what can be expected from a public which hails Theodore Roosevelt as its representative? The Tartarin of Oyster Bay has added to his many achievements the discovery of a river of doubt in Brazil, thus contributing to the mirth of nations. What do we care for the opinions of ignorant foreigners? Teddy has added lustre to his name. However ignorant he may be on other subjects, he knows the psychology of the "plain American citizen." In the eyes of the villagers he looms up as the greatest living American. Among the blind, the one-eyed is king.

* * *

A TINY village on the Hudson some twenty miles from New York has been placed on the map within the past two weeks and is now as well known as Trinidad, Col. This sleepy little burg is a suburb of one of John D. Rockefeller's estates and hitherto has been known only to commuters from Poughkeepsie and Ossining on their way to New York. The Anarchists and some members of the Ferrer Association have suddenly thrust fame upon this unoffending village by trying to hold meetings under the shadow of the town pump. The authorities, with bourbonlike stupidity, declared that Saint John Rockefeller should not be attacked in their village, no by gosh, if it took the entire police force and fire department to prevent it. A mere trifle like the Constitution had no terrors for a village like Tarrytown and they produced ordinances to prove that such gatherings were illegal. A number of our comrades went to Tarrytown and after two attempts to hold meetings seventeen of them were in jail. War has

been declared on Tarrytown by Free Speech advocates in New York and it is but a question of time, and a very short time at that, when the village square will resound with the agitator's voice telling the neighbors of Rockefellers Sr. and Jr. about the atrocities in Colorado and the part these eminent Baptists played in it. Reports from the seat of war indicate that the villagers are seeking an honorable peace, but the damage has been done, and when the meetings do take place the publicity given them will add numbers to the crowd and zest to the speakers. Two of our comrades have been sentenced to terms of imprisonment because of their attempt to speak and fifteen more are in jail facing trial and possible imprisonment—and still the struggle goes on.

Judge Goff, that well-known piece of fossil that ornaments our Supreme Court, traveled on the train going to Tarrytown with some of our comrades attending the trial of the others and expressed himself thus: "These leaders are pretty wise. They stir up trouble, don't work and succeed in keeping out of jail." How intelligent and how like a judge! This parasite sits on the bench four or five hours a day, four or five days a week for about forty weeks a year and draws a salary fifteen times as great as the average working man, and drones out "Life," "thirty years," "twenty years," "fifteen years," to other men more unfortunate than himself—and he talks about work. It is an insult to all intelligence.

* * *

IN order to taint and infect the boys with the hideous germ of patriotism, the bodies of the "heroes," who were killed at Vera Cruz for the benefit of greedy capitalism, have been paraded through the streets of several large cities.

The noteworthy thing about these parades was, that President Wilson and Secretary of War Daniels, two instigators of the Vera Cruz murders, praised the victims in highest terms.

The moral of it being, that the murderer who is satisfied with one victim, must hide his deed, but you may brag freely about wholesale murder if you happen to be a high representative of a class which sacrifices the blood of the boys in order to steal land, minerals and power.

THE same President Wilson is reported in an interview of *The Saturday Evening Post* to have said about the situation in Mexico:

"This is a fight for the land—just that and nothing more. It is a curious thing that every demand for the establishment of order in Mexico takes into consideration, not order for the benefit of the people of Mexico, the great mass of the population, but order for the benefit of the old-time regime, for the aristocrats, for the vested interests, for the men who are responsible for this very condition of disorder.

"They want order—the old order; but I say to you that the old order is dead."

What profound economic and social insight! Deplorable that with statesmen insight and acts are very different things. In the war document from Mr. Wilson's office it has never been hinted that the United States Army is to go to Mexico for the purpose of expropriating the Standard Oil, the Piersons, Otis, Hearsts, etc., and to give the land back to the peons.

No, the war means protection for monopolies for vested interests and death to the peons. In the first reports about the skirmish, we read that the dead bodies which covered the sidewalks at Vera Cruz belonged to the "lower classes."

Wilson passes off as a great student; certainly he has studied Jesuitism with wonderful success.

* * *

THE battle between the old and the new social powers cannot be fought in legislatures or in parliaments. The question is no longer: "Will this or that political party triumph?" but rather, "Is the possessing, monopolizing class to continue to exist and to exploit society for its own sole benefit?"

The people will reach that stage of development which must end in overthrowing the whole social fabric of robbery and coercion, thus making the State, statute laws—expressing class rule by force—superfluous.

ANARCHISM—The philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.

DENVER

By Julia May Courtney

WITH all her beauties and attractions, with her wonderful natural environment and boundless resources, Denver is to-day an intellectual prostitute. And as the social prostitute turns alluringly to each newcomer, willing to barter her charms and her attractions for pleasure and profit, so Denver smilingly welcomes each charlatan in the educational, social, religious, political or moral realm, feeding voraciously on the husks of the world's offerings, believing it good food.

Small wonder, then, that one bearing the real meaning of the message of the masters of the world—thought and study—should have no place in the pseudo-intellectual life of the city.

There are three great reasons for this condition in Denver. I do not know if these be true of other cities; certain it is that they are true of Denver.

First, the economic reason. And this, strange to say, is not the economic phase generally meant when we speak of the financial situation as stringent, for Denver is a wealthy city. In comparison to other cities of its size and importance, Denver ranks as one of the wealthiest in the United States. The major part of the wealth of Denver is owned by those who came in the early days; who took up land when it could be had for a song; when water-rights, now of unsurpassable value, were theirs for the taking; when the untold riches of the mines had been untouched. Out of these wonderful natural resources they have amassed material wealth—nothing more. For the first time in their lives they are materially comfortable, and they will not allow their hard-earned comfort to be disturbed by any intellectual unrest—especially when that unrest attacks the very foundation of their existence.

They have no basic culture—no deep understandings of Life and its manifold meaning. Yet the acquiring of wealth has made necessary the acquiring of an intellectual and social veneer—which shines as does the polish on their dollars—both new and both thin.

A second reason for intellectual sloth is the fact that

Denver is the Mecca for consumptives. The sanitariums are filled for the most part with those who in all probability will not recover. And in various parts of the suburbs are little groups of those who live out of doors for the same reason. Also—and this affects the industrial world of Denver to a great extent—there are thousands of "symtomatica" who will work for almost nothing in order to live in this climate, forcing the strong able-bodied worker to do likewise. Physical weakness presupposes like mental conditions; hence it is easy to see why intellectual propaganda must necessarily fall on stony ground.

The third great reason for the intellectual apathy of Denver lies in the fact that the population is, for the major part, Catholic. On all public platforms, in all parties, and for all great issues confronting the city, the Catholic priests are the preferred orators. It is they who are deferred to. It is they who swing the balance of political power. It is they, in fact, who rule Denver. Catholics fill but comparatively few offices, but their power is greater in effect than that of any officials. They are the power behind the throne. To their influence is due the fact that sex hygiene is no longer taught in the public schools—although the teacher secured was considered one of the finest in the United States. It was the Catholics who committed the outrage on Rev. Spurgeon who attempted to make public some of their misdoings; and because of them no free speech fight has been won in Denver, for they control—through their "damned compact majority"—the political situation which makes possible the heretofore absolute rule of the grafting utility corporations.

It is into the muck and mire of conditions such as these that Emma Goldman has come each year, the only real vital mental stimulus that stirs Denver in the twelvemonth until her return. Needless to say, she is not welcomed. It is but repeating the tale to speak of the police surveillance, of the thousand petty annoyances of those who are known to be her supporters, of the conspiracy of silence connived at by every paper in the city. That she and Dr. Reitman enjoy safety and freedom, is because Denver lives off the eastern suckers who snap at

the bait of climate and mountain scenery. Therefore intellectual earthquakes must not be allowed to ruffle the scenery, nor mental bombs cause the thermometer to rise.

* * *

Three big things were accomplished this year. First, the big free anti-military meeting at which 1,500 people voiced their dissent of the war operations in Mexico and Colorado. Second, the free speech victory, in which the police and commissioners of Denver completely backed down, giving the I. W. W. the right to speak when, where and *what* they pleased. Too high praise cannot be given the law firm of Vogl & Whitehead, who forced the city to admit that they had no ordinance permitting arrest for street-speaking; and that the arrest of individuals for vagrancy is UNCONSTITUTIONAL. Many of the boys had been in the county jail for weeks; thrown into the sweat-room and steamed until exhausted when they refused to go on the rockpile; fed on slop from a nearby restaurant, by a Socialist who furnishes the prisoners with meals at ten cents per. Yet the spirit was the spirit of victory—for when the lawyers carried them the message that the authorities were anxious to compromise, provided the police could designate the corners on which they might speak, they replied, "We'll rot here first." And it was Ben Reitman who led them down Sixteenth Street when they were released unconditionally, each of the twenty-seven wobbly, and weak, and pale with the prison pallor, but marching with the proud step of the man who has won on principle—shouting the I. W. W. yell and singing the "Red Flag." On Saturday night, at the conclusion of the last drama lecture, the boys were given a party—the real thing with all the "eats" and music and dancing and games that belong to such an occasion. It was the first "playtime" the I. W. W.'s ever had in Denver.

Probably the most lasting, if not the most spectacular, event of the Emma Goldman visit was the forming of a Free Speech League, in connection with the National Free Speech League. This move has enlisted the aid of a number of prominent people of the city and promises to be the most radically constructive effort undertaken in Denver.

The conditions of the coal miners in Northern and Southern Colorado have been knocking at the door of Denver for many months. Yet the Governor and the Attorney General, as officials acting for the State, refused to acknowledge them until the Ludlow Massacre. And then only because the entire world has showered its contempt on Colorado. There is no effort to understand the cause, no humanity exhibited in dealing with the situation.

On the streets of Denver men were clubbed and beaten and thrown into jail for the crime of exercising their constitutional right—that of free speech—and their natural right, that of life itself.

From the private room of a quiet little hotel a man was kidnapped, subjected to untold indignities, and left alone at night on a desolate road, robbed and beaten.

Yet the citizens of Denver did nothing. With all the wealth of the world at their feet, they did nothing. Out of the terrible Ludlow disaster they are making—political platforms for the fall campaign!

Emma Goldman came to Denver. Straightway the men who were clubbed and beaten were given the freedom of the earth once more! Immediately those who had been muttering under the breath against the dicta of war, voiced their feelings openly and in defiance of authority! And the little group of rebels banded together for definite rights of Free Speech! For the first time something real has been done in Denver!

For Denver, like her prototype of the streets, holds in her heart the germ of understanding and sympathy, and needs only the vital spark of courage to flame into life.

THE FIGHT FOR FREE SPEECH IN TARRYTOWN

By LEONARD D. ABBOTT.

IN one of his best stories, Washington Irving, the famous American author, records the fact that a sequestered spot in the neighborhood of Tarrytown-on-the Hudson has long been known as Sleepy Hollow. "A drowsy, dreamy influence," he says, "seems to hang over the land

and to pervade the very atmosphere." These words were written nearly a hundred years ago, but have lost none of their freshness. Tarrytown is still sunk in deep slumber, and if it shows faint signs of awakening, the signs are very recent and can be traced to outside pressure.

Early in May, Arthur Caron, one of the men who was "beaten up" by the New York police in connection with the recent unemployed demonstrations in Union Square, and one of the active spirits in the "Free Silence Movement" inaugurated by Upton Sinclair in front of Rockefeller's office at 26 Broadway, went with a group of friends to Tarrytown to carry the anti-Rockefeller protest to the very gates of the Rockefeller home in Pocantico Hills. Out of his visit grew a plan to hold a public meeting in Tarrytown at which Rockefeller and the situation in Colorado were to be discussed. Mr. Caron appealed to the Free Speech League for co-operation, and the League addressed to Mr. Pierson, the village head, a request for a permit for an out-door meeting. No reply was received. Mr. Caron and the head of the Free Speech League then had a personal interview with the Chief of Police in Tarrytown, and repeated the request. The Chief promised a reply, but failed to keep his promise.

It was not until after these peaceful overtures had been rejected that "direct action" was resorted to. On Saturday evening, May 30th, twelve of our comrades went to Tarrytown, namely: Rebecca Edelson, Arthur Caron, Charles E. Plunkett, Jack Isaacson, Frank Mandese, Louis Pastorella, Maurice Rudome, Charles Bergh, Adolph Aufricht, Joseph Secunda, Vincenzo Fabriciano and Jack Butler. The group went over to Fountain Square, the recognized out-door meeting place at Tarrytown, where Socialists and Salvation Army speakers have been heard, and tried to start a meeting. The first speaker was arrested, and as one followed another in attempts to speak, each was arrested. Rockefeller and the Colorado outrages were the subjects on which the speakers tried to talk. One speaker is quoted as calling Rockefeller a "multi-murderer" and as saying that "the only thing the Standard Oil Company

ever gave away was oil to burn the miners' tents at Ludlow." The entire group were arrested and locked up in the Tarrytown calaboose, charged with disorderly conduct, blocking traffic and endangering the public health. The list of those arrested, as given above, is an interesting one and significant of the character of the movement. Intellectual and proletarian, Jew and Gentile, are represented. The nationalities of the men include American, (with even a touch of aboriginal Indian!), Russian, Italian, French and Swedish. The position of plucky Rebecca Edelson, one woman imprisoned with eleven men, recalls the plight of Suga Kanno in Japan.

On the following day, Sunday, May 31st, Alexander Berkman, accompanied by Helen Harris, Dave Sullivan, Harry Wilkes, Joe De Rosa and others came out from New York and tried to speak. He set a chair in the street. "Fellow citizens," he said, "I know you all admire a man who is fighting for his rights. We are fighting for free speech, which the Constitution gives us. I care not what the police say. John D. Rockefeller may own this town, but he can't stop free speech." At this point Berkman was grabbed by the police and prevented from continuing his speech. All day long he and his companions kept on trying to speak. De Rosa, Sullivan and Wilkes were arrested, and the first-named was badly bruised by police violence.

On the same evening, a band of about twenty more, mostly Italian and Spanish comrades, reinforced Berkman and his group. They went to Fountain Square and tried to speak, but were pummeled and pushed about by the police, and finally taken to the railway station and placed aboard a train for New York.

On Monday, June 1st, De Rosa and Sullivan were brought before the Magistrate in Tarrytown and sentenced to three months' and to thirty days' imprisonment, respectively. Following these outrageous sentences, the head of the Free Speech League, who had been in Court, sought a conference with Mr. Pierson, the village President. He asked again for a permit for an out-door meeting in Tarrytown. The request was refused.

On the same day, the Rev. J. E. Cates, of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Tarrytown, challenged Berkman to

debate the issue of free speech and the situation in Colorado in the church-yard of St. Paul's. Berkman promptly accepted the challenge, but Cates later withdrew it, on the ground that his fellow-clergymen in the town and the trustees of his church objected. Berkman then asked Cates to debate the issues in New York.

On Wednesday, June 3rd, Marie Yuster and a committee of women distributed 5,000 hand-bills throughout Tarrytown. These circulars carried such headings as "Free Speech in Tarrytown Suppressed by Policemen's Clubs," "A Demand for Free Speech," "To the Workers of Tarrytown"; and they were signed by the Free Speech League, the Anti-Militarist League and the Francisco Ferrer Association.

On the following Saturday, June 6th, eleven of the prisoners arrested a week before were brought before the Magistrate in Tarrytown. Upton Sinclair came into the fight at this juncture and was present in court. The prisoners were represented by Justus Sheffield, the New York lawyer who recently defended Tannenbaum, O'Carroll, Caron and Adolf Wolff and others who were arrested for activities in behalf of the unemployed. Mr. Sheffield succeeded in winning a week's delay for the prisoners, and on Monday, June 8th, they were all released on bail.

Such, in brief, is the history of the free speech fight in Tarrytown as MOTHER EARTH goes to press. The whole affair has aroused nation-wide and even international interest, not only because of the free speech principle involved, but also because everyone realizes that the "speech" suppressed was in the nature of an attack upon Rockefeller in Rockefeller's home town. It was an attack, that is to say, upon the richest man in the world, calling him to account for crimes that he has committed against humanity, and, in especial, for crimes committed against the coal miners in Colorado.

It is an inspiration to know that men and women are still willing to fight, go to prison, and, if necessary, die for freedom. Those of us who were present in the little court-room at Tarrytown on June 6th knew that we were participating in an historic occasion. It was Tarrytown, its officials and Magistrate and police, who were on trial that day, not Miss Edelson and her companions before

the bar. Intelligence and idealism were on the side of the prisoners.

By the time this issue of MOTHER EARTH is in the hands of the reader, our comrades may have been sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. Their imprisonment can only cover them with glory. All honor to them and to all who take their attitude! To such we owe whatever liberties we possess. The fight in which they have enlisted is never-ending, and is always victorious.

"Who is it speaks of defeat,
I tell you a cause like ours
Is greater than defeat can know,
It is the power of powers."

THE RANGEL-CLINE CASE

SINCE the 13th of September, 1913, fourteen men have been confined on the charge of murder in the jails of Texas. The names of these fourteen are as follows:

Jesus M. Rangel, Charles Cline, Eugenio Alzalde, Jose Abraham Cisneros, Jose Angel Serrato, Lino Gonzalez, Leonardo L. Vizquez, Domingo R. Rosas, Bernardino Mendoza. Miguel P. Martinez, Luz Mendoza, Pedro Perales, Jesus Gonzalez and Lucio R. Ortiz.

They are confined in the county jail at San Antonio, Texas, with the exception of Jose Angel Serrato and Lino Gonzalez who are held in Frio County jail at Pearsall, Texas, and Jesus Gonzalez who is held in the La Salle County jail at Cotulla, Texas. They are all Mexicans with the exception of Charles Cline, who is an American.

The Mexican working men in this group have been, for many years, residents of the United States, but because of their devotion to the cause of human liberty in Mexico, they have been members of the Mexican Liberal Party, the only labor organization in Mexico with a program fundamentally revolutionary. For years back all of these men have been active in the southern part of the United States and in Mexico, writing and speaking on the subject of "Economic Emancipation of

the Workers." They have toiled with earnest zeal to make the workers of their race understand that both in the United States and in Mexico they are the producers of the world's social wealth, and that as such producers, they are entitled to the full product of their toil. Because of the sincerity with which they have carried on their work, they have developed a large following among those of their own race. Likewise because of their sincerity which made them unpurchasable, there has developed against them strong antagonism upon the part of the commercial interests of Texas and the South where their work has been most extensively carried on. Charles Cline, the American, has been an active member of the labor movement for many years. He was a member of Local 7, Hotel & Restaurant Employees Union of Pueblo, Colorado. He has also been a member of the International Slate & Tile Workers Union, having held cards in the various local unions, at St. Louis, New York City and Boston, and the National Industrial Union of the Industrial Workers of the World. As a member of organized labor, he has participated in six fights—The Hotel & Restaurant Employees strike in 1903 and 1904, the Southern Pacific Machine Shop strike on the Harriman lines beginning in 1911 and the Louisiana Lumber strike of two years ago. By reason of his capacity as a speaker and organizer, he is regarded as a very dangerous character by the lumber barons of Louisiana and Texas. His message has been "Economic Emancipation Through Organization." This whole group of men were regarded as excessively dangerous by the powers of the community. A pretext alone was wanted for the seizure of them. Their work was too effective to be allowed to continue.

The pretext to seize them was found. The group of men started to Mexico, intending to assist in labor's great struggle there against capital. They left the little town of Carrizo Springs, Texas, on September 11th, 1913. While they were violating no law, but were proceeding toward Mexico, intending to peacefully cross the line and join with their Mexican comrades, unknown to them they were being followed by four deputy sheriffs. They camped that night at Capanes Wind Mill, in Dim-

mit County, and a few miles away from Carrizo Springs. Early the next morning, while they were getting ready to move on toward Mexico, one of their number, Silvestre Lomas, a veteran of the class war both in Mexico and the United States, was shot in the back of the head, the bullet entering the base of the brain and coming out through his forehead. At the time Lomas was shot, the group did not know that they were even being followed. The shooting of Lomas was cowardly in the extreme. Then the group of working men in self-defense were compelled to take two of the deputy sheriffs prisoners. The other two fled. The workers continued on their march toward Mexico. Their intention was to hold their prisoners until they reached the Mexican border where they would release them.

The two prisoners were the Dimmit County Sheriff, Eugene Buck and a Deputy Sheriff, Candelario Ortiz. They were in charge of Jose Guerra. As they continued their march toward Mexico, the prisoner Candelario Ortiz constantly hung back from the balance of the group so that he and his guard were far in the rear. Suddenly he turned and attempted to grab the gun of Guerra and club him to the ground. A scuffle ensued and before the others could reach Guerra to protect him, Ortiz was shot by Guerra in self-defense. The workers then continued on their way toward Mexico. On the following day a group of officers appeared and demanded the surrender of Eugene Buck. A parley was had and the officers entered into a written agreement, signed by Jesse J. Campbell to the effect that the group of workers would be allowed to continue toward Mexico undisturbed. The group then surrendered Buck, and he with the officers returned to Carrizo Springs. The march of the workers continued all that night and until the early hours of the following morning when they camped in a ravine.

It was now the morning of September 13th. The sun had not yet risen. The little group of workers, secure in the consciousness that they have violated no law, and doubly secure in the pledge from Mr. Campbell that they would be allowed to proceed toward Mexico, fell asleep, preparatory to another day's march, but neither Mr. Campbell nor any of the others respected

the pledge which they had given. After securing Buck, they returned to Carrizo Springs and gathered together a body of men, who, although calling themselves "law abiding citizens," likewise respected neither law nor promises. This group returned and without a demand for a surrender or any notice, began firing upon the sleepers. One Juan Rincon, Jr., was so wounded that he died very shortly after. Jose Abraham Cisneros and Leonardo L. Vazquez, were also seriously wounded. As Rincon lay on the ground writhing in death's agonies he called for water and the only response of these men was to curse him and laugh at him. The others were taken prisoners with the exception of Jose Guerra, who, it is believed, was either killed or escaped. The workers know only that since that morning they have never seen Jose Guerra.

The prisoners are held absolutely incommunicado. The attorneys have been denied the right to talk with them, and when finally they did secure an order from the court directing the sheriff that he must allow the attorneys a private consultation, the attorneys were compelled to carry on this consultation through an iron screen.

For Jesus M. Rangel, Charles Cline, Eugenio Alzalde and Jose Abraham Cisneros the prosecution will ask the death penalty, as they are the men, who, because of their unselfishness and loyalty in the cause of the education of the workers of the south, have incurred the greatest ill-will of those who exploit. In the words of Judge Hudson, who, up to the present time has been in charge of the defense of these men, "Nothing will be left undone by the State to secure the death penalty against Rangel and Cline."

Rangel and his associates are men known to every Mexican worker of the south. By their daring and their devotion they have endeared themselves to these workers. These cases offer the first opportunity that the American labor movement has had to give a practical demonstration to the Mexican worker that the American worker is not indifferent to his Mexican brother. We now have the opportunity of showing in definite form that we really relieve that "An injury to one is an injury to all."

We have said that the American Federation of Labor, the Western Federation of Miners, the United Mine Workers and the Industrial Workers of the World have practically failed in the organization of these men. Right now the strength of the Building Trades organization on the west coast is seriously endangered because of the influx of the Mexican worker who can do the unskilled work of the concrete worker, etc. Unless these men are organized and brought in, and made part and parcel of the American labor movement, the strength of those organizations which have been developed as a result of years of struggle, is in danger. The same can be said of the railroad service, the mining industry and manifold other lines. These cases open the door for an immense propaganda among these workers, who, if they remain a part from you are a menace, but who, if you can incorporate them into your bodies, can give you an enormous strength. Far-seeing men in the labor movement realize that the unskilled worker is the basis of all industrial strength. To attempt to build an industrial organization without making the unskilled worker the foundation of that organization, is as to build a house on the shifting sands.

Just one further consideration: Texas is a typical southern State. Labor there is practically without any organization. The social life is a generation behind the more fully developed industrial communities of the north. They have never known as yet what a real labor struggle involves. We are anxious, if we can, to make these cases the beginning of a new era in Texas. You have it within your power, if you but will, to make the State of Texas realize that which is as yet unknown to her, namely, that she is not trying an ordinary offense, that there are social issues and social problems involved in these cases as yet undreamed of. These cases offer the opportunity to make the Mexican worker realize his class solidarity, not as a Mexican worker, but as a member of the great international working class, and offer the opportunity to make the State of Texas realize that down underneath the surface of apparent social apathy and social indifference, there is a great mass of workers whose demands for social justice must be heeded.

MUTUAL AID: AN IMPORTANT FACTOR IN EVOLUTION;

By Peter Kropotkin

AT first received with distrust, the idea that mutual aid and mutual support represent an important factor in the progressive evolution of animal species, seems to be accepted now by many biologists. In most of the chief works of Evolution, appeared lately in Germany, it is already recognized that two different aspects of the struggle for life must be distinguished: the struggle of the whole, of large divisions, of a species against adverse natural conditions and rival species, and the struggle between individuals within the species; in other words:—*exterior* warfare and *inner* war. At the same time it begins also to be recognized that the struggle for life *within* the species has been exaggerated and that *mutual aid is,* to say the least, *as much a fundamental principle in Nature as mutual struggle;* while for *progressive evolution* it is without doubt the most important of the two.

The value of this recognition cannot be overlooked. Darwin already forsaw it. Once it is recognized that the social instinct is a permanent and powerful instinct in every animal species, and still more so in man, we are enabled to establish the foundations of Ethics (the Morality of Society) upon the sound basis of the observation of Nature, and need not look for it in supernatural revelation. The idea which Bacon, Grotius, Goethe, and Darwin himself (in his second work, "Descent of Man") were advocating, is thus finding a full confirmation, once we direct our attention to the extent to which mutual aid is carried on in Nature. We see at once what a powerful weapon it represents even for the feeblest species in their struggle against adverse natural conditions, the longevity it secures to the individuals, the accumulation of experience, and the development of higher instincts and intelligence that it renders possible within the species.

To show this importance of the social instinct, as a basis of Ethics, is the work which I am now engaged in.

Another important consideration to which the study

of mutual aid in Nature brings us is, that it enables us better to realize how much the evolution of every animal species, and still more so of human societies and separate individuals, depends upon *the conditions of life under which they are developing.* This idea, so energetically advocated by the French Encyclopaedists at the end of the eighteenth century, and by their Socialist and Anarchist followers in the succeeding century, beginning with Godwin, Fourier, and Robert Owen, is bitterly combated by the defenders of Capitalism and the State, as well as by the religious preachers; and we all know what advantage they took of the struggle-for-life idea for the defence of their position—much to the despair of Darwin himself. Now that we see that the idea of an inner struggle within the species had been grossly exaggerated by Darwin's followers, we understand that if in his works, subsequent to his "Origin of Species," ("Descent of Man" and especially "Variation in Animals and Plants") he gave more and more importance to the action of exterior conditions in determining the lines of evolution of all living beings—he did not make "a concession" to his opponents, as we are told by some of his English followers. He merely summed up the result of the immense researches he had made into the causes of variation, after he had published in 1859 his first epoch-making work, the "Origin of Species."

A careful, dispassionate study of the effects of environment upon the development of both societies and individuals can thus be made now, and it is sure to open new, important vistas upon Evolution as a whole, while at the same time it frees the social reformer from the doubts he might have had concerning his efforts of changing first the present conditions of life of mankind, and saying that better conditions of social life, based on mutual support and equality, would already raise man's moral conceptions to a level they never could attain under the present system of slavery and exploitation of man by man.

A third point upon which the researches made can throw a new light is *the origin of the State.* Some ideas upon this subject, derived from the studies of the development of Society and contained in "Mutual Aid,"

I have embodied in a pamphlet, "The State and its Historical Role." But much more could be said upon this important subject; and, as every careful reader will see himself, the chapters I give in the book to "Mutual Aid in the Mediaeval Cities" and, the preceding chapter, to the Village Community, open new lines of research which would be rich in important *practical* results. Unfortunately, the worship of the centralized Roman State and Roman Law, which reigns supreme in our universities, stands in the way of such researches. The more so, as such studies, if they were made, would give support to the ideas growing now in the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon communities as regards the necessity of independence, or "home rule," not only for separate nationalities but also for every geographically separate territory, every commune and parish. Such an independence—it begins now to be understood—would be the only proper way for establishing a real union between the different parts of a territory, in lieu of the artificial cohesion enforced now by a common submission to some outside authority. It has been said in some reviews of this book that I have to some extent exaggerated the good features of the mediaeval free republics. But if this book were not written for the general reader, and if I had incorporated into it the immense mass of material I have collected in the reliable contemporary sources and serious modern works on the subject, one would have seen that, far from having exaggerated, I was compelled to limit my illustrations to quite a small number of those I might have given. Those illustrations which I have in my manuscript notes alone would do to make a second volume.

Now that we see such a great movement among the workingmen of Europe and America towards themselves working out the forms which production and exchange ought to take in a society freed from the yoke of Capital and State, I earnestly advise those workers who are already thinking in that direction, to meditate about what we know of the first two centuries of independent life in the mediaeval cities, after they had thrown off the yoke of feudal barons, bishops, and kings, and started a new development on the lines of freedom and federa-

tion. Of course, we must not try to imitate the past—history does not repeat itself, and I have indicated in "Mutual Aid" the mistakes the mediaeval cities committed when they worked out their freedom charts. What we have to do is to see whether the *principles of independence and free federation* were not infinitely better, leading to prosperity and a higher intellectual development, than the submission to outside authorities and the enslavement to Church and State, which characterized the epoch that followed the fall of the free cities and inauguarated the growth of military States.

At the present time the idea of centralization and centralized States is so much in vogue, even among Socialists, that we often hear people saying that the smaller nationalities have no reason to exist; the sooner they will be swallowed by the more numerous ones, the sooner they forget their mother-tongue, the better.

All my life-experience has taught me quite the reverse. All that I have learned in my life has persuaded me, on the contrary, that the surest way to bring about a harmony of aspirations among the different nations, is for every fraction of mankind to further develop and to enrich the language that is spoken by the masses of that fraction of humanity. This will also be the surest way for all those fractions to agree among themselves as to the one or two languages that will be accepted later on as the chief means of international intercourse. The more so, as learning a language would be a knowledge quite easy to acquire under the perfected methods of teaching languages which are already worked out now.

Besides, this is also the surest way to stimulate every nationality to develop the best that it has worked out in the course of centuries in its own surroundings: the surest way to enrich our common inheritance with those national features which give a special value to philosophical conceptions, to poetry, and to art.

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DIRECT ACTION—Conscious individual or collective effort to protest against, or remedy, social conditions through the systematic assertion of the economic power of the workers.

A REBEL VOICE FROM SOUTH AFRICA

Johannesburg, 7th of May, 1914.

DEAR COMRADES OF MOTHER EARTH:

I was indeed pleased to receive your interesting letter this morning, written April 2d. Very glad to learn of your activities, and of the Comrades generally.

I have been out here about two months now; you will know of the Government's action here in July of last year, of the filling of the streets with soldiers, and the wholesale slaughtering. Again in January of this year, jailing, killing, and deporting to Europe men whose work has been that of educating and organizing their fellows. Europe is bad, America is very bad; but this place is damned bad, considering the callous, machine-like, cold, calculating slaughtering.

And the work in the mines here is on a par. The official report of a Governmental Commission declares the duration of life of the white miner working on the Rand, to be four to seven years. This is not a mistake, it is an actual fact. Hundreds do not last more than two years when phthisis grips them, and in another two years they are dead. Every week numbers leave with the death grip on them. Six young miners left Johannesburg yesterday for England, all victims of phthisis. One, under thirty years; the probability is he will not reach Europe; he is in the throes of death. *And all this could be prevented by adequate ventilation,* but the mining lords will not allow the expense.

When Martial law was on here, Unions were not allowed to meet, books and documents were confiscated, and mine bosses, backed by authority, took advantage to demoralize the Unions.

I am here to help re-organize, to stimulate and to inspire the men, and I am glad to say much success is attending the work. I hope to stay here till the deported men return. We want them back and mean to have them; not by asking the government of their "mercy to allow them," but first fixing up with the organized Transport workers of Europe, and preparing for common action with them on this side, so that if the South African government should interfere with them on arrival, we

will resort to international action and isolate South Africa till the government shows sense or fear.

I had intended writing to MOTHER EARTH; possibly you may use some portions of this letter. You Emma and Dr. Ben and Aleck and others will be glad to learn that the more sensible men here are about to resort to coöperative action. The Rules of four Societies are now being drafted, one at the capital, Pretoria, another at Benoni—this is a mining centre on the Rand—another here in Johannesburg; all these will first be general stores; the fourth is that of the working bakers of this city. The Bakers' Union has tried to get the hours reduced, but have not succeeded. They are now formulating their claims again, but concurrently are about to start a Co-operative Bakery where all the conditions as to hours of work, wages and other conditions will be put in operation on the highest standard. I am pleased at this because it affords heaps of scope for excellent effort, and will lead to bigger things and be of great service.

I recall the reunions we were privileged to have last year, and heartily reciprocate the feelings of good comradeship. I hope the readers of MOTHER EARTH are increasing, and that the Labor Movement of the U. S. is solidifying.

Ask the Comrades to accept my love. I may get deported or imprisoned, but if this does not happen I think I shall probably return to England in September.

With fraternal greetings of true friendship and comradeship.

I am yours in the fight,

TOM MANN.

COLORADO

BY GERTRUDE NAFE

OH, well, it may be easy enough for you to know what we should say or think. You may go mad with anger, or you may be able to think steadily and deeply and see underneath the dreadful root of this horrible growth. But we, here in Colorado, live in a strange dead nightmare of grief and horror. Perhaps we should think. Perhaps we should feel. But day and

night the brooding horror is upon us, and we do neither. The bodies of the women and the little babies lie on Colorado ground. They may cover them up, down there, so that the air and the sun cannot find them, but here we find no graves to put them in: they lie on our naked hearts and the little bodies corrupt and fill us with the rot of a whole civilization.

I suppose one can go over the facts since last September, but one goes over them with a peculiar, unreal feeling that none of these things could really be true—surely we live in a world of human beings and not in a ravening agony of wild beasts mad for blood. First we heard that the coal miners in the southern part were going out—the coal miners in the north have been out more than four years. That is a pain, grown long since into a dull and terrible ache. Now they will go out in the south. They have sent word, again and again, to the Western Federation of Miners. Help must come. Again and again they have been refused. But now, help will come; they will lay down their tools. They call on the operators to talk the thing over. The operators have nothing to talk over. The governor asks for a conference. The workers come. The owners refuse. Why should *they* come?

Then we hear of fighting—the militia will be sent. The militia is impersonal—we do not understand much of that. But suddenly the militia comes alive before our eyes. They are young men of the town, young husbands, fathers of little babies, young college boys, yes, even boys from the high school. They joined the militia for fun or for some vague young enthusiasm. They never dreamed of joining to fight strikers. There was a good dance hall down in the place where they were drilled, there was a chance for a little of the light and life which youth demands so strongly, and demands in vain in this drab and dusty modern world.

What an initiation into their manhood! And they have no teaching to protect them—to tell them what to do. They feel helplessly that something is wrong. If they had an ideal, an idea—even a catch-word—they might revolt upon that. But they have been taught no ideal but money-making. Each hides in his own breast

the dull uneasiness at this matter and cannot tell his neighbor for fear of a laugh. So they marched off—poor lads, wishing vaguely for some sort of understanding and hardly knowing what they wish for.

They have come back now. Someone down there has given them the catch-words they were so hungry for—"Protect property—Damned strikers—Freedom of contract." There, that must be right. The words have "freedom" in them, too. Double right. Now they are easier—their poor minds not tortured, now.

Then all between there is only confusion and blood. I remember, once this winter we laughed. That was because the mine owners told the governor that as a special concession—if the men would give up everything—the owners would bind themselves to keep some of the Colorado laws. The governor did not see the joke. The rest of us grinned.

But that was a while ago. We wonder now that there ever was a time when we felt like laughing. The stories have come so often—stories of things so horrible that our minds reel before the truth. We want to deny the facts in sheer blind horror—just to shut them out of our minds. And they will not be denied.

What of the men, the women, the children, the little unborn? What of the boys with shamed eyes who were dragged down there with the militia? What of those who cannot bear the shame and hunt defiantly for an excuse—an excuse for murder? What is their manhood to mean to them?

The poor dead woman that gave birth to a child. That little human child died, but those dead women will give birth to a child terrible and yet beautiful—that child will be the Revolution. And that Revolution will save us from the last and most crushing horror in this maze of horrors, the hell underneath our hell, the knowledge that the death of those babies is not the crowning insult to humanity; but that no death could be so horrible as the lives they were to be condemned to, when they had been born. When the Child shall come to maturity we may weep clean tears beside the graves of children; but, till then, we have no tears and our hearts are dripping blood.

A MARTYR TO MILITARISM

By Lily Gair Wilkinson

MARIA RYGIER is again in prison. Time after time she has been imprisoned. Last year in prison she came near to death. No sooner is she liberated than once more she defies the law by her writings and her public speeches, and once more the authorities think it well to get her out of the way.

Maria Rygier does not go to prison because women in Italy want to vote; she goes to prison because there are men and women in Italy who want freedom.

And this time?

This time it is because she wrote an article in defense of Masetti.

Augusto Masetti has been suffering the tortures of military régime in a criminal lunatic asylum for two years; they call him mad because he dared to shoot in the right direction.

When the Italian war in Tripoli began, this young man, who was a reservist, declared that he would not fight against the Turks. Since he was to be forced to kill, rather than go to Tripoli and murder harmless Arabs with whom he had no quarrel, he chose to turn his rifle against those who ordered him to become a murderer.

On October 30, 1911, Colonel Stroppa was addressing some reservists who were about to sail for Tripoli. He told them to have no pity on the barbarians and infidels whom they were going to fight, but to shoot them down for the glory of king and country. Crying "Down with war; long live Anarchism!" Masetti stepped from the ranks and shot the officer.

At that time Italy had been worked up by the jingo newspapers into a ferment of patriotism. The cry of "Assassin!" went up against Masetti, and most surely he would have been court-martialled and shot if the authorities had not feared an anti-militarist agitation. At such a time it would be serious to have a public trial at which anti-militarist ideals would be uttered. So Masetti was not tried. The rulers of Italy found, however, a simple way to revenge themselves against him. They had him declared mad, and they sent him

(always without trial) to a criminal lunatic asylum. There is no worse hell on earth than military régime in a criminal lunatic asylum, and this young Italian hero has endured the agony of imprisonment in such a hell for the last two years.

And for writing in his defense Maria Rygier is again in prison.

There is urgent need to make these things known in this country and to join the Italian comrades in their agitation for the liberation of these prisoners. Anti-militarism in any country is the concern of workers in all countries.

Already in England our rulers are preparing for Conscription. Already the army has been used against the workers in revolt.

We must understand the full meaning of these two facts, so that we may rouse ourselves to an anti-militarist campaign in this country. It is not a milk-and-water peace campaign that we need; not the maudlin hypocrisy of the peace-on-earth-and-good-will type. No; what we need is the true anti-militarist propaganda of revolutionaries, which will carry the passion of revolution ever into the army and prepare men for actions as brave and as stern as the action of Masetti.

In this country, as in Italy, as everywhere, we have need of men like Augusto Masetti, within the army, who will, since weapons are put into their hands and they are forced to use them, know how to use them in the right way; and we have need outside the army of men and women who, like Maria Rygier, are fearless in their defense of such actions.

EN ROUTE

By EMMA GOLDMAN

THE wave of unemployment, which has swept the country from coast to coast, is only now making itself felt in all its paralyzing effect.

Of course the workers were the first to feel the death-like grip of unemployment. Never earning more than enough to satisfy their immediate needs, the masses were

not able to stand the "vacation" so generously thrust upon them by our insane capitalist régime. Hence the terrible distress in the ranks of the workers.

As usual, the kept press denied the scope of the poverty and want which loomed like a black spectre all winter upon the horizon of the economic struggle. But now it is being conceded everywhere—even by the most stupid upholders of present conditions—that the siege of hard times has been the worst in many years.

Especially is this true of Denver which, on the decline for the past several years, now looks like a veritable graveyard. Even the horrors of Ludlow did not wake it up for long, though there was a slight ripple. Most people are so wrapped up in their own little lives, especially when material distress is added to poor health (and Denver at its best is but a large sanitarium) that their interest in the murder of women and children was only of passing moment. Besides, why worry when the Federal troops can be had for the asking? And so, as on previous occasions, the average Denverite threw the responsibility on the government and went about his own little worries.

Under the circumstances our meetings were better than might be expected, though they were not large. In all we had seven propaganda lectures and eleven drama talks. Nothing of particular interest occurred except for the huge anti-military meeting attended by a most enthusiastic audience of two thousand. The event was especially significant because of the speech of a High School youth, young Elsberg—intense, earnest and strong—a gratifying and encouraging contrast to the High School boys who joined the militia and became a party to the crimes in Ludlow.

The second important event was the Free Speech fight we started in behalf of the Industrial Workers of the World.

On our arrival we found that twenty-seven had already been arrested and railroaded to the county jail. During our stay about thirty more were picked up, yet not a line of publicity anywhere, and absolute indifference among the organized workers and the Socialists.

Only when we threatened to start street speaking and

secured Whitehead and Vogl, both radicals and splendid men, to take up the I. W. W. cases, did we succeed in bringing the gross brutality of the police to the notice of the public. Two days before we closed our course, thirty of the boys were discharged and the original twenty-seven released from jail.

As on another memorable occasion in Los Angeles after the funeral procession of Mikolaschek, we arranged a feast for the released I. W. W. The tables were heavily laden with all sorts of good stuff to eat and drink, contributed by our faithful friends and two hundred boys had the time of their lives with song, dance and general fellowship.

The main result of the Free Speech agitation is the right won by the I. W. W. to speak on the street. It is but fair to say that the credit is due entirely to Ben Reitman, as I was incapacitated to do much owing to a severe cold. Ben, with his usual zeal once he is interested in an issue, worked day and night until every I. W. W. was released. On the day they were let go it was again Ben who met them at the jail, marched them, singing, through the street, into the nearest restaurant for a general feed. It is hardly necessary to state that it was his great joy to have accomplished so much. But unfortunately the Denver I. W. W. local has proven itself as petty as many other locals who cheerfully accept the assistance and solidarity of the Anarchists and then cast them aside. Thus we had no sooner left Denver than the local decided that MOTHER EARTH and other Anarchist literature must not be handled by its members. What a pity that the I. W. W. must imitate the politicians.

The last two visits to Denver have been anything but worth while. However, we could not pass it by because of the group of friends in that city. There is no other group of its size that has proven so faithful and generous to our work. Ellen E. Kennan, staunch and big-hearted, had charge of the arrangements. With her worked Gertrude Nafe, Edith Chase, Frank and Lina Monroe, John Spies, loyal unto death, Julia May Courtney, Bert Brown, A. Horowitch, Wm. Kley, and a number of other friends. Their efforts, their splendid comradeship, and deep devotion have always compensated us for whatever

disappointments we have met in Denver, and will continue to be the lure to bring us back.

From Denver we went to Salt Lake City for two meetings, arranged by a faithful few: Nelson Johnson, Lenquist and others. There is a proposition on foot to have us back for a drama course, on our return East. We hope our friends will make it possible.

We are now closing a three weeks' stay in Los Angeles, and will write about it in next issue.

We open at San Francisco, at Mission Turn Hall, 18th St., near Valencia, on Sunday, June 14th, 3 P. M.

Sunday, June 14th, 3 P. M.:
REVOLUTION OR REFORM, WHICH?

Sunday, June 14th, 8 P. M.:
OUR MORAL CENSORS

Monday, June 15th, 8 P. M.:
THE SUPERMAN IN RELATION TO THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION

Tuesday, June 16th, 8 P. M.:
THE HYPOCRISY OF CHARITY

Wednesday, June 17th, 8 P. M.:
THE INTELLECTUAL PROLETARIANS

Thursday, June 18th, 8 P. M.:
THE CONFLICT OF THE SEXES

Friday, June 19th, 8 P. M.:
ANARCHISM VS. SOCIALISM

Saturday, June 20th, 8 P. M.:
THE MOTHERS' STRIKE

Sunday, June 21st, 3 P. M.:
ANTI-MILITARISM: THE REPLY TO WAR

Sunday, June 21st, 8 P. M.:
THE PLACE OF THE CHURCH IN THE ECONOMIC STRUGGLE

Admission, 15 and 25 cents

We will remain in San Francisco for ten lectures and, if our stay there proves satisfactory, we will also have a two weeks' drama course. Mail will reach us addressed to General Delivery, till the end of June. We should like to hear from comrades in cities near San Francisco, as well as from our Portland and Seattle friends, in reference to lecture dates.

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Unemployed and Anti-Militarist League Fund

RECEIPTS

Balance on Hand, May 11th, 1914		$29.95
May 15	Sale of Buttons	4.80
May 15	Collection, Miss Edelsohn	2.17
May 16	Sale of Buttons	2.65
May 16	Sale of Buttons	7.45
May 16	Collection, Mulberry Park	12.13
May 28	Collection, Paterson	5.91
May 28	Per Heiman	.50
June 4	Sale of Buttons, Per Ralph Simons	.50
June 5	Collect, Ferrer Center, Meeting A. M. League	12.00
June 5	Contribution, Mrs. Balkin	1.00
June 6	Collect by Louise Berger, Anarchist Red Cross Excursion	1.40
June 6	Collect by Anna Baron and Committee, Anarchist Red Cross Excursion	13.40
June 6	Collect by Jennie Rosen at Anarchist Red Cross Excursion	4.65
June 6	Sale of Buttons, Paterson	1.90
June 7	Contribution, Anarchist Federation, Brooklyn	35.75
June 7	Collect, Lettish Picnic by Louise Berger	5.25
		$141.41

DISBURSEMENTS

Expense General Strike Buttons		$12.20
Per Marie Ganz, Prisoner		6.40
Expense of Comm.		1.25
Platform, Union Square		1.00
Exp., Comm.		4.01
Al Turner, Prisoner		2.25
To Comrade in Hospital		1.00
Exp., Comm. to Paterson		3.21
Exp., Mulberry Park		1.10
Exp., Comm.		1.25
May 31	A. B. and Committee to Tarrytown	11.77
June 3	To Prisoners in Tarrytown	5.00
June 4	Exp., Max Appell to Tarrytown	2.00
June 4	Exp., Frank Cancilleri	2.68
June 4	To Prisoners in White Plains	5.00
June 4	Exp., Max Appell to Tarrytown	2.00
June 4	Tarrytown, Per Cancilleri	2.00
June 6	Tarrytown, Per A. B. and Committee	14.50
June 6	Exp., Comm., Red Cross Picnic	.40
June 8	Exp., A. B. and Committee to Tarrytown	15.25
June 8	Fare, 12 Prisoners from Tarrytown	5.40
June 8	Half Charge for Car to White Plains	5.00
June 8	"Feed" to Discharged Prisoners	5.50
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